for ſweet *Iacke Falſtalffe*, kind *Iacke Falſtalffe*, true *Iacke Falſtalffe*, valiant *Iacke Falſtalffe*, and therefore more valiant, being as hee is old *Iacke Falſtalffe*, baniſh not him thy *Harries* company, baniſh not him thy *Harries* company; baniſh plumpe *Iacke*, and baniſh all the world.

Prin. I doe, I will. *Enter Bardoll running.*

Bar. O, my Lord, my Lord, the *Shrieſe*, with a moſt monſtrous Watch is at the dore.

Fal. Out you Rogue, play out the Play: I haue much to ſay in the behalfe of that *Falſtalffe*.

Enter the Hoſteſſe.

Hoſ. O Ieſu, my Lord, my Lord!

Fal. Heigh, heigh, the Diuell rides vpon a Fiddle-ſticke, what's the matter?

Hoſ. The *Sherife* and all the Watch are at the dore, they are come to ſearch the Houſe, ſhall I let them in?

Falſ. Doeſt thou heare *Hal?* neuer call a true peece of Gold a Counterfeit, thou art eſſentially made, without ſeeming ſo.

Prin. And thou a naturall Coward, without inſtinct.

Falſ. I deny your Maior; if you will deny the *Sherife*, ſo, if not, let him enter. If I become not a Cart as wel as another man, a plague on my bringing vp: I hope I ſhall as ſoone be ſtrangled with a Halter as an other.

Prin. Goe hide thee behinde the Arras, the reſt walke vp aboue. Now my Maiſters, for a true Face and good Conſcience.

Fal. Both which I haue had; but their date is out, and therefore Ile hide me.

Prin. Call in the *Sherife*.

Enter Sherife and the Carrier.

Prin. Now Maiſter *Sherife*, what is your will with me?

Sher. Firſt, pardon me, my Lord: A hue & cry hath followed certaine men vnto this houſe.

Prin. What men?

Sher. One of them is well knowne, my gracious Lord, a groſſe fatte man.

Car. As fatte as Butter.

Prin. The man, I doe aſſure you is not heere,
For I my ſelfe at this time haue imployed him:

And